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Wreckage.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

THREATENING waves on a long, grey beach
End in a shower of snow:
Splashes white, where moonbeams break,
Silvery, shifting pathways make
On the night-gloomed deep below.

Hither and thither the driftwood floats,
Sport for the wind and sea,—
Like the wreck of a soul by passion wrung,
Crusted with vice, and lifeless flung
On the shore of eternity.

Thoughts of a Day.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

SOME one has said that literature is claiming all life for its material, while life itself draws its inspirations and existence from the world of letters. This statement is partly true, for pure literature deals only with what is best in human life and nature. Some writers pass their days in the palace; others grope along the gutters, while a third class keep to the raised centre of the roadway,—naturalists they call themselves, who look neither at the lowest nor the highest qualities of life, but pursue a middle course, half in sunshine, half in shadow.

If the aim of literature is to supply a world of busy men and women with deeper, fuller, purer inspirations, then its line of action must tend towards the realm of idealism. There can be no second course. The work of the realist

affects our passions; the naturalist leaves no impression, stirs no emotion,—idle reading for an idle hour; but the idealist, choosing what is best in the fairer forms of humanity and nature, fashions for us a theme, a type, a supersensual creation, with spiritual lights and shadows, rich and warm with living colors, a work of the mind whose function it is to show to us higher planes of thought and nobler lines of action.

Down in the sheer depths of every man's nature there is a note that rings out clear and strong; with one it is faith, with another hope, with a third love, and these notes the idealist gathers up in harmonic order, and binds them into a song. The melody of his work appeals to each one of us, because we hear in it some strain whose fundamental note is the characteristic trait of our own being. We are drawn towards the work, and the nearer we come, the stronger that longing grows to reach out beyond the narrow world of our everyday existence, to stand in ideal situations, to forget the dust of our journey,—to remember only the scent of the wild rose that drifted upward from the wayside.

We are too material, seldom satisfied, never contented. We look at the red-barred sunset that flames behind the blue hills, but seldom do we seek the half-retreating spirit that lurks in the glowing depths of light. Few men ever see a sunset. I do not mean that we should become sentimental; but why stop at material types? Why not reach out beyond the veil, and catch up a few ideals of the spiritual order? We can not all be dreamers; we can not all idealize; but we can and should read. Here, then, is where the value of pure literature lies. It gives to a restless world such productions as contain not only the real qualities of life, but even an added perfection in new beauties. A spiritual flame plays in and around the

pages, drawing us away from the noise and glare of city streets; leading us out to the hill-sides white with sheep; along the winding brook where wearied cattle stand knee-deep in the cool water; up through meadow-land and pasture; into the depths of shady woodlands, there to lie and dream of ideal worlds and ideal men and women.

The true writer not only culls the blossoms of the past, but plants new shrubs along his foot-path, watching their buds break into blossoms, knowing that the scent thereof will be the richest burden on time's drifting breeze. His woof is made from the hearts of men, and from the loom of imagination he weaves the story of their dreams.

Man's life is never full; the rounding out of its better qualities is under the care of time. Some natures never unfold, like withered buds; for want of care they sink by the roadside, sear and brown; unopened spheres that might have been the fairest flowers of all. Here, then, is another task of the true *littérateur*—to strengthen and nourish weak and wavering natures. To do this he must consider his work a sacred means. He should look to its end, its purity, its cheerfulness.

If the best things of life constitute the subject-matter of the literary worker—and since life in itself is nothing but morality—it follows that great moral truths clothed in the beauty and imagination of a poetic mind should be the very essence of literature. Not that the author should take the preacher's place, but let him set free those innate truths of life and their high lessons, in the sunshine and thunder, in the rain and silent touch of the atmosphere in which his characters live. Let him believe with Horace:

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

Let him teach morality by a subtle suggestiveness rather than by a bold statement of facts. I say *high* lessons, for to all literary work we can justly apply this saying of the same poet:

"—mediocribus esse poëtis

Non homines, non dī, non concessere columnæ."

Examples of manly men and valiant women are stars in our firmament of ideals, by which to shape our course. An artistic recital of deeds of gratitude, courage, practical work, sacrifice, thought, religion, is what makes for the vitality of any book or poem. Some critic has given us this saying: the reader's heart is reached by one of three roads,—curiosity, confidence, or admiration. I would rather combine the three, and say that the first holds, the second

opens, and the third binds the human soul.

The work of some French writers, who have treated vice in an artistic manner, has given rise to a theory that art is morally indifferent. We are essentially French in our literature, and some persons anticipate danger from an acceptance by our writers of this theory. I believe the American character has too much common-sense in it to admit that man lives more happily by his senses than by his intellect. That phantasmal pleasure should be the basis of true art is a dream that no student will for a moment accept or even entertain.

Philosophy does not belong entirely to the teacher in the class-room—every man that strikes with his pen a line for public perusal is a philosopher. The truths of literature, especially those of poetry, and the truths of religion are not of this world; they stand apart from the noise of the day. Deep in the silence of each heart they linger—life-giving principles of every aspiration, hope, or desire. We see the truths of religion through the veil of conscience, those of literature through the mist of contemplation.

The pathways of religion and literature are paved with human hearts. The latter prepares, the former completes the life of man. Our soul resembles a violin: our actions form the bow that draws from vibrant strings of passion discord or harmony; religion seeks to preserve the instrument, while literature makes a transcription of the passing song.

In Hope of a Valentine.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Harold Moss, who is on a scientific tour to the Ural Mountains, and whose prolonged absence is made more inexplicable to his friends by lack of news. Aunt Esther, an elderly maiden. Dolly Cole. Constance Lethmore. Maid.*

SCENE.—*An elegantly furnished drawing-room. Dolly Cole is seated before the grate, listlessly looking into the flickering flames, while the shadows dance on the walls.*

Enter Constance Lethmore.

Con. (rushing in hurriedly and kissing Dolly's upturned forehead.) Why, Dolly, you silly little girl! Moping, moping, all the time. Why didn't you come out with Grace? We had a lovely time; and oh, I've got the loveliest costume!

Dol. Costume? For what?

Con. Well—have you forgotten already?

Dol. (*recollecting.*) Oh! No; of course not. I didn't think, that's all.

Con. And poor Phœbe is *so* sick. She has quite despaired of going to the ball, poor girl.

Dol. Phœbe! I must go over this evening. She'll be very lonely.

Con. Why, aren't you going to the—

Dol. No, no, Con. I am tired of all these things. It's always rush and flurry, with nothing to enjoy. And afterwards one is *so* tired. Poor Phœbe, I know, would like to have some one with her. Since I do not wish to go, I shall stay with her.

Con. Oh, dear Dolly! What *is* the matter with you? You used to be the gayest of us all. It seems that you are debating whether or not to enter the cloister. Sister—Sister Mathilde—wouldn't that be sweet?

Dol. Yes; but there is no danger of my ever being called so.

Con. Dolly Cole, do you know what I think is the matter with you?

Dol. I can't imagine.

Con. It's all on account of Hal Moss. I hoped you had forgotten by this time.

Dol. (*rising hastily.*) No, no, Con., it's not that. But I wish you wouldn't speak of it.

Enter Aunt Esther.

Con. (*aside.*) I wonder if she's in good humor. (*aloud.*) Why, Aunt Esther, you seem cast down. Haven't you received any valentines yet?

Aunt E. (*fiercely.*) Any—what?

Con. (*her eyes twinkling merrily.*) Valentines. Remembrances from very, very dear friends.

Aunt E. I don't believe in such nonsensical customs. They mean nothing.

Clock strikes five.

Con. (*in surprise.*) Oh, is it that late already? (*Goes over to Dolly.*) I must go, Dolly. (*soothingly*) Try to forget it all, or at least try to be more merry. I wish you were coming with us. Good-bye, dear.

Dol. Good-bye. (*Exit Constance.*)

Aunt E. Aren't you going to the ball, Dolly?

Dol. No; not this time. I am tired of dancing. I'm going to stay with Phœbe;—she's ill.

Aunt E. (*firmly.*) Now, Dolly, listen to me! What's the use of worrying about a thing you should have forgotten long ago? Surely, you have given it up by this time. You know he would have written to you, had he felt the same as ever towards you. You should go out more with the girls.

Dolly goes to the window and stands there for some time, while the tears begin to well up in her eyes, in spite of her effort to control them.

Dol. (*sadly and slowly.*) Yes, Aunt Esther, perhaps,—perhaps you are right. And yet—

Aunt E. Yes, you wouldn't think otherwise, I know. Always a "yet" (*shaking her head*). Such foolishness! It's always the way with you young people.

Dol. (*throwing herself upon the sofa and sobbing violently.*) Oh! don't, don't, Aunt Esther! It's not true!

Aunt E. (*looking up in surprise.*) Why, Dolly, I didn't mean to hurt you so. Come, forget it, will you not? (*the tears begin to come into her own eyes.*) I am old, you know, dear, and somewhat cross. Perhaps, I was wrong;—I hope I was wrong. You will forgive me? (*stooping over and caressing her.*)

Dol. Yes; it's not your fault.

A long pause ensues, during which the sobbing grows less, and is at length quieted altogether.

Aunt E. (*after Dolly looks up.*) Why dear, your eyes are red! If you are not going to the ball, I would advise you go over to see Phœbe. Don't wait for dinner.

Dol. Yes, that is best. (*Exit Dolly.*)

Aunt E. (*shaking her head.*) Poor little dear! It's all on account of these valentines, I know. Except for these, she never would have thought of him. But such is the way of the world.

Enter maid abruptly with card.

Maid. This gentleman, ma'am?

Aunt E. (*starts suddenly as she reads the name.*) Well! Certainly. Why do you wait? (*Exit maid.*)

Aunt E. Valentines, valentines. Perhaps, there is something in them after all.

Enter Harold Moss.

Hal. Aunt Esther, do you still recognize me?

Aunt E. Bless me! Mr. Hal. I never—

Hal. (*with a tremor of uneasiness in his voice.*) And Dolly,—where is she?

Aunt E. She is here. I shall call her in moment.

Hal. (*walking up and down.*) Tell her I wish to see her. I wish to—

Dolly appears in the doorway, with coat and hat and veil, ready to go out. Her eyes are still red with weeping. She gives a little exclamation of surprise and joy; Mr. Harold Moss takes three or four strides across the room. Aunt Esther exit hastily.

(Curtain)

Varsity Verse.

FOR GOOD ST. VALENTINE.

A VALENTINE TO R. M. Y.

HALF wasted is the dwarf month's time,—
 Each cavalier now sends in rime;
 His greeting to his queen,
 And through the land
 On every hand
 Their messengers are seen;
 So poorly, sweet, my love would shine
 Did I not send a Valentine.

Unlike the mode of by-gone age,
 I do not write on heart-rimmed page
 The love I bear to you.
 I have the mind,
 But I can find
 No words to speak me true,
 And then, my love no more is mine;
 It can not serve as Valentine.

Yet thus, my lady, I this day
 A boon of you would humbly pray
 On suppliant bended knee.
 To every rose,
 The legend goes,
 At least one thorn must be;
 O fairest Rose, no thorns are thine,
 Then let me be your Valentine.

C. M. B. B.

TO E. M. S.

Straggling beams of truant moonlight
 Pierced the thick, protecting creeper,
 Elfin shadows danced aglee,
 Melting into goblins deeper,—
 No one saw but you and me.

Six long months since we were parted;
 Snowflakes whirled where shadows danced,
 Whisking every crevice through,
 Saw my heart, and one, it chanced,
 Bore my Valentine to you.

F. J. F. C.

UNDECIDED.

First of all, I prithee, greet
 Lily;—none is half so sweet;
 None so dainty and so neat,
 Good Saint Valentine.

Then there's Grace,—she's handsome too,
 Not so *very* sweet, 'tis true,
 But she's rich. A note will do,
 Good Saint Valentine.

After that, I think, comes May.
 A little bow to her, I pray;
 She'll be contented, anyway,
 Good Saint Valentine.

There's Lou and Madge and,—let me see,—
 And little Dolly Thorpe makes three;
 A kiss for each of them from me,
 Good Saint Valentine. L. P. D.

St. Valentine's Day.

JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97.

Among the many good old customs which have died, or are fast dying out, may be classed those of St. Valentine's Day. It is within the last few years that these customs have been neglected and now hardly any notice is paid to them. It is more than probable that, a few years hence, St. Valentine's Day will not even receive passing notice.

Time was, however, and that too, within our own memory, when this day was anxiously looked forward to by all youths and maidens, especially by those whom Cupid's arrows had smitten. It was a day of such a nature that it might be termed the lover's Christmas. It was always a day of tribulation and trial to the weary postman, for it meant to him nothing other than an immense amount of extra work. Indeed the only joy he must have derived from it was the knowledge that the day was over, and that it would be a year before it again came around. Be that as it may, it is certain that all sweethearts and swains feared his tongue more on that morning than on any other, and anxious as they were to receive their mail, they always kept out of his range.

So much has been written concerning this custom that nothing new can be advanced. It is interesting, nevertheless, to trace its evolution from its origin to its decay. As far as can be ascertained, it originated in the pagan festivals known as the Lupercalia. These were feasts which the Romans were accustomed to celebrate during the greater part of the month of February, and were in honor of the deities Pan and Juno. During the festival it was the practice of the Romans to put the names of young women in a box, from which they were drawn by the men. The women whose names were drawn then became for the rest of the festival, and some say for life, the partners of the men who drew them. Such was the old pagan custom; but the priests of the early Church attempted to do away with this as well as other pagan superstitions. Finding that they were unable to eradicate it, they modified it by substituting the names of particular saints for those of women; and as St. Valentine's Day came about the same time as the festival of the Lupercalia, it was chosen as the day on which the new feast was to be celebrated.

This is the opinion of the Rev. Alban Butler,

a compiler of the "Lives of the Saints." Still, it seems it would have been impossible to change so quickly a custom to which the people in general were so devoted, and it is more probable that while the old form and ceremonies were preserved they were so changed as to conform better with the Christian religion. The name Luperalia was changed to that of St. Valentine, and from this it is more than likely that the name "valentine" was derived.

The ancient ceremonies, as modified by Christianity, remained in practice up to a very late period. Misson, a learned traveller of the eighteenth century, writes: "On the eve of St. Valentine's Day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes his true name or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids', so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

This was the way the day was celebrated up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Later on, it seems that married and single alike were apt to be chosen as valentines, and that a present was "invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party." There was also another belief prevalent concerning the day. The common people believed that this was the day on which the birds chose their mates. They also believed that there was a kind of influence inherent in the day which made binding, to a certain degree, the lot or chance by which any youth or maiden was led to fix attention on a person of the opposite sex. Hence it was believed that the first unmarried person of the opposite sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or husband. The following lines of Gay, which he puts in the mouth of a rural dame, clearly indicate this belief:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramour with mutual chirping find,
I early rose just at the break of day,

Before the sun had chased the stars away:
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

These customs finally died out and were replaced by the practice of sending love-tokens or souvenirs of friendship. This practice lasted up to the last few years, but is rapidly dying out. And we can all remember how, when we were children, we always eagerly looked forward to Valentine's Day. We used to hoard our pennies in order to purchase a dainty little souvenir to send to some of our dearest friends. When that day came around we were wont to assume airs of secrecy and great importance, which were the cause of suppressed laughter among our elders. And then those comic valentines! They were always "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to the unruly schoolboy, for they gave him ample opportunity for wreaking vengeance on the teacher for her many applications of the rod. Truly, the care and pains which he took in sending those hideous bits of paper, and the ingenuity with which he concealed his identity, were worthy of a better cause.

Thus it was when we were small; but since we have grown up things have changed, and now St. Valentine's Day passes by almost unnoticed. The old custom is fast dying out, and one more of the links that bind us to the past is being slowly but surely worn away.

The Color of Hair.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

Among the many divisions of man on linguistic or physical grounds Professor Huxley's division into five groups, namely, Australoid, Negroid, Mongoloid, Xanthochroic and Melanochroic seems to be based more particularly on the color of skin and hair. The causes of these differences in man are due to the climate in which he lives and in which his ancestors of many generations before him wore out their existence.

There appears to be a perfect gradation in the color of hair in Europe. Norway and Sweden sheltered the xantho-comic races, who inherited the golden locks of their great sea-kings; while in the southern countries, Spain, Turkey and Italy, lived the melanic or dark-haired people, and the middle states nourished

those of brown hair. This was the natural division formerly, but at present the predominance of the light-colored hair in Northern Germany and England recalls to one the historic invasions and inroads which the hordes from the North made, driving out the natives, or mixing with them in marriage. The Briton knows how his forefathers drove the black-haired Celts and Cimbri into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. And now, in London, the centre of population, there is no one color of hair prevalent, which is also true of the inhabitants of our own land. This is so because the United States is a nation made up of all other nations.

The color of one's hair is due to the tinct of the fluid with which the hollow tube of each hair is filled. It depends on the different amounts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and sulphur present, which the bulb, in the netted mesh of capillary vessels in the under coats of the skin, draws directly from the blood. The blonde can, therefore, be thankful to nature for her golden locks, because it happened to give her a more liberal supply of sulphur and oxygen, and a little less carbon, while the brunette must be satisfied with her jetty hair, the result of an excessive deposit of carbon and a lack of sulphur and oxygen.

Yet there are other differences in hair besides its color. Some writer says: "The coloring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft, luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw." The fact is that the light hair is fine, which quality gives it a silk-like character, and the other shades of hair are coarser accordingly, red being the coarsest of them all. A German scientist, who had much patience and no little curiosity in human hair, counted the hair on the heads of four people. He found the light-haired person to be possessor of 140,400 hairs, the brown-headed one to have 109,440, the black 102,962 and the red-haired head was owner of 88,740. Yet in bulk there was no apparent difference.

It is the golden locks which have furnished subjects for poets and artists great and small. Even the sublime Homer admired fair hair and made his mighty pen tell of it. Shakspeare must have liked light hair, for he makes his women wear it. We recall a line in which he says:

"Her sunny locks hung on her temples like a golden fleece."

And besides these great poets, we have an innumerable throng who have sung of maidens blessed with golden tresses. Pope says:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare."

If the walls of art galleries are not hung with more pictures of women whose ringlets are of gold than of darker hue it is probably because, as a friend of mine puts it, "about a thousand story-writers a year describe their heroines as having 'the hair like that which Titian loved to paint.'" It was very natural then that the brunette should envy her sister blonde, and not strange that we often notice one of them become a blonde in a day, as Marie Antoinette's hair turned gray in a single night. Nor can it be expected that the women of today have less pride than the noble Greeks and Romans. They liked the fair hair of the Northern hordes, and by every possible means they bleached their dusky locks. Then, too, we remember the story of the Venetian ladies, how they went mad over the red-gold hair, which Titian immortalized by putting his passion for it on canvas. Could we have viewed the house-tops of these vain creatures, "belles of the Bride of the Sea," basking in the sun, with their hair undergoing the bleaching process, we no doubt would smile, and say: "Truly, woman-kind has ever been the same."

Gray hair, or the reminder that death must come to all, is often the source of much worry to those who dread the idea of ever growing old. Yet it does not necessarily indicate old age, for there are many instances of gray hair in early life. It is simply the deficiency of the proper supply of chemicals, which give the pigment its right color. Gray hair is often caused by some mental anxiety or sickness. The important question is, however, not what is the color of that which is but a protection to the skull; but what is the ability of that which is within?

Caused by a Dog.

EDWARD C. BROWN, '99.

Herbert Waldsmith and I had been room-mates for several years. One summer, however, Herbert was advised by the doctor to take a vacation and to go to a summer resort. The result was that three months later, I received a card announcing his engagement for marriage. That was the last I heard of him for a year. At the end of that time, however, he suddenly called on me. After we had embraced each

other, Herbert looked around the room and saw my pet pug dog. "Get out, you brute!" he cried angrily at the dog. In answer to my look of surprise and indignation, he said:

"One of those beastly pugs caused me to lose all the happiness of this life."

I saw that Herbert was in a bad humor, and, instead of lecturing on kindness to animals, I asked him to tell me his story. He lit a cigarette and then began.

"Well, it was this way: the first night I was at Saratoga, where that fool of a doctor sent me, I was introduced to a Miss Hegley. She was a very pretty girl, and I at once fell in love with her. She seemed to be quite fond of me, and favored me more than any of the other fellows. I began calling on her and soon our acquaintance was more than a mere friendship. The day before I intended to leave, I ventured to propose. She was, however, a real summer girl; and, of course, I was rejected. I left the house and walked to the pier. The thought of living without her crazed me and I resolved to drown myself. I happened to think that she was going on an excursion the next day and I resolved to die in her presence."

I looked up and smiled, but Herbert continued:

"The following afternoon we were both on the steamer. I sat by myself and awaited a good opportunity. I was just about to throw myself into the lake when there was a cry. All thoughts of death vanished. I rushed to the side of the boat. Miss Hegley was standing on the deck, wringing her hands and crying, 'Save him! oh, save him!'

"I looked into the lake and saw her pet pug dog. In another minute my coat was off and I was also in the water. I seized the dog and managed to reach the boat which had been lowered. In a short time I was on the steamer. I fainted, and when I became conscious I was in bed and Miss Hegley was fanning me.

"That night I again proposed, and this time I was accepted. A month later we were married. I soon had to give up all my clubs; I was not allowed to be out with the boys; I was forbidden to play cards or bet; and—oh! why did dogs ever come into existence?"

REFUSED BY COLONIAL DAMES.

Her expectations all are ended,

To be a Dame she has no hope.

The line by which her sire descended,

She knows now was—a hempen rope.

C. M. B. B.

The Ten Dollar Bill.

WILLIAM W. O'BRIEN, '99.

It was the night before Christmas and rain fell fiercely. The corner grocery-store, brilliant with a hundred colored lights was doing a lively business in spite of nature's protest. The hour of closing had long passed, but Mr. Jackson thought too much of his customers and their custom to close his doors against any one's Christmas feast. People rushed in smiling from the disagreeableness outside and departed just as cheerfully. Everybody seemed on the very acme of happiness, and even the grocer did not grumble at his enforced labor. As twelve o'clock approached, trade became less and less brisk and after waiting ten minutes without reward, Mr. Jackson took a last regretful look at the unsold turkeys and prepared to leave. The toys had been replaced on their shelves and the stray sugar swept back into its bin when the door opened, announcing another customer.

A pale woman with care-worn features, which had once been attractive and which now shone with expectancy, unpinned a ragged shawl and walked shivering to the counter. She was followed by a slovenly-looking man, upon whose face a line or two of refinement might be separated from the repulsive outline. A glance showed that the fangs of dissipation had sunk inextricably into his system. His faded coat was turned up at the collar and the discolored handkerchief, which alone protected his throat from the weather, was as threadbare as the calico dress of his wife. These were Mr. and Mrs. Hamford.

Three years ago they had married, and the whole town had crowded into the church to witness the union of the popular and wealthy couple; now there was no more miserable family in the county. Young Hamford, at the time of his marriage, was just graduated from college, and surely the sun shone brightly upon his future; but drink had soon taken the place of ambition, and he loved it more than he loved his family. As the husband assumed his bad habits, their former friends had forsaken them, and now, without money or help, their prospects were as dreary as the night.

The wife had received ten dollars for Christmas from a relative and had come, in an ecstasy of joy, to prepare for the morrow's feast. Hamford had made another good resolution,

and this, coupled with the next day's happy anticipations, had lifted an enormous weight from her burden.

Tremblingly she gave the clerk her order, while the flush on her cheeks deepened as the different dainties were placed before her. Toys for the children; a quart of cranberries; a pound of mince-meat and a turkey. Oh, what a monster it seemed, as with keen eyes she had noted every detail of its tender flesh! Mr. Jackson had wrapped up everything but the fowl, when the sound of a saloon band broke out, frightful and loud in its discords. To the slumbering passions of the drunkard-husband, however, it was the music of paradise. His eyes took fire and his sallow cheeks reddened as his foot kept time with the music. He went to his wife and said: "Say, Sallie, old dear, could you spare me enough out of that tenner, to buy a pack of tobacco? I'll run over and be back in a minute;" and as his wife pointed to a shelf, "The stuff here isn't worth anything." The wife hesitated, she knew his nature; but fearful lest a refusal should anger him and spoil her plans, she reluctantly gave him the ten dollar bill. Without a word, he rushed out the door; a gust of rain and sleet blew in, and the slight, shabby figure shivered perceptibly as the cold blast rudely passed over her thin-clad shoulders.

Through the haze she watched him cross the street with buoyant and eager steps. From the opposite curb he took a glance, a momentary, half-hearted, faltering look, at the pinched face framed in by the door-jambs of the shop beyond. But instantly, as though dragged by an irresistible force, he made direct for the door from which the strains proceeded. She saw his hand reach out for the latch; she saw the door open; her ears were frightened with the loud notes of the band; she could discern a laugh which had somehow a mocking ring in it; she heard the click of the bolt as it shot back to its place; and the rain came down with fresh force and the haze deepened and the laugh kept mocking her unmercifully. She gazed steadfastly at the opposite door, without moving an eye-lash, strangely, stolidly. Though the air was chill and damp, and her gown threadbare, she did not shiver.

The shop had closed, and out in the wet stood the wife, alone with her shattered hopes. One, two, three hours she waited thus and still the clock's hands on a church near by moved on as if mocking her misery. At last, about three in the morning, she heard the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." "My God!" she whispered, "they are playing 'Home, Sweet Home,'" and she sank down exhausted in the rain.

Evening on the Lake.

FRANK EARLE HERING (*Belles Lettres*).

A Pastel.

He looked pleadingly; her drooping eyes sought occupation in tracing the faint, new moon in the lake.

The boat divided the lapping waters and the little waves caressed its sides.

She slipped her jeweled hand beneath the water's surface and loosed a lily from its mooring. He rowed aimlessly and feathered so gently that the drippings from the blade could be heard like innumerable tinklings of miniature bells.

Afar the hoot of an owl broke forth among the fragrant pines upon the mountain side. Closer by the bellow of a frog disturbed the quiet of the shore and reverberated upon the air.

"Perhaps you could learn to love me?" he said humbly, resting the oar.

"Perhaps,"—she answered, meditatively.

She bent her graceful neck lower as a cygnet when it hears the patter of the rain and sees the uplifting of infinitesimal cones on the bosom of the lake.

"You know God creates for each soul a supplement. United they round out a perfect circle, each supplying what the other lacks. You are my supplement; without you I shall ever be imperfect. Will you join with me as God intended?"

During the silence he thought about the moon and the owl and the frog, and wondered if they could know his pain.

The boat divided the lambent waters, and she caressed the water-lily in her hand. At a distance the hoot of an owl broke forth upon the mountain side. Closer by the bellow of a frog disturbed the quiet of the shore.

Magazine Notes.

—With the issue of January 15, the *Chap-Book*, that bold, quaint little youngster, which a few years ago "came out of the West," small in appearance, but a leader of fashion indeed, threw off its old self and took the place and stature of a full-fledged "Miscellany and Review of Belles Lettres." It still retains the brightness and piquancy of its younger days, and assumes the tone and aspect of recognized authority. The last number—that of February 1,—as well as the premier number of the new style, contains several columns of "Notes" that are replete with statements of correct principles of art, literary and otherwise. Mr. Dana of the *Sun* receives, besides the appreciation which is his due for a journal cleanly and well written, some just criticism for his methods of pursuing with unrelenting persecution those who differ from him in political faith. With such writers as Mr. Henry James, Miss Guiney, Miss Alice Brown and Mr. Zangwill in prose, and John Davidson, Louise Chandler Moulton and Paul Lawrence Dunbar in verse, these two numbers are of much interest. Mr. Zangwill's "Twenty Counsels of Perfection for the Guidance of Old Reviewers" cover the ground admirably. The book reviews in each of these numbers are varied and well done, and have the virtue of pointing out in the headings the central idea contained in the work under consideration.

—A neat little monthly which has lately made its appearance in our sanctum is *The Child*, an illustrated magazine for little folks, published in Brooklyn, New York. The cover itself is an earnest of something good and bright throughout the pages within, and, indeed, a glance over these pages is an assurance of this expectation. The stories are very well done, and can claim merit for the fact, not only that they breathe the spirit of purity but that they are not of too abstruse and superior a nature. They are just what children would like. The verse in the *Child* is not of such a rare quality, but then it is not everyone who can write verse that may reach the children's hearts. There are very few Eugene Fields. The tone of the *Child* throughout is one of gentleness and refinement, and there is a clever attempt to move the hearts of the little ones and to set their little minds and souls to work.

—*The Literary Digest* of last Saturday, February 6, is as interesting as usual. Politics national, international and foreign; literature

and art the world over; science in all its departments; religion in its varied forms; the discussion of foreign news of universal interest; miscellaneous topics that demand the attention of the learned and the thoughtful;—these are the subjects which are treated of in the *Literary Digest*. A *précis* of the opinions of the American press regarding the much-talked-of Bradley Martin ball are given in the present number, and questions of less interest, but of far more vital importance, are treated in the same impartial manner. Under the heading "Letters and Art," there is a very judicious selection from a recent article by Mr. E. L. Godkin in the *Educational Review*, wherein it is shown and deplored that American boys are, as a rule, in an almost hopeless state of illiteracy. Mr. Godkin says that the requirements for entrance to colleges in this country should be made much more strict as far as a knowledge of writing the English language is concerned, and that those who know how to speak good English should put their knowledge to some practical use—a thing which is too often neglected. To one who does not care to read the magazines, or who has not enough time to delve for what he wants among the numberless periodicals of the present day, we would recommend the *Literary Digest*. It is entirely impartial in all the subjects which it handles, for it selects the best from among newspapers and magazines of different forms of opinion, and gives a *résumé* of events that pass in this country and beyond the sea. The *Digest* is, as far as possible, what it purports to be—a compendium of contemporary thought the world over.

—*The Amateur Athlete* for February 4 is, as is usual with each issue of this periodical, a number of no ordinary interest. The notes, which prelude specific athletic news in each issue, are well written and timely, and breathe the air of manliness and good judgment. Its suggestion in regard to doing away with the "unwholesome element" in side-line coaching—a proposed change in baseball rules—ought to have much weight. Almost every department of amateur sport receives attention in the columns of the *Amateur Athlete*. Football—Association and Rugby, rowing, ice sports, yachting, wheeling, track athletics, baseball—news of all these is well collected and arranged, while matters athletic in several of the colleges and universities are discussed at length. Although published in New York City, it contains items of interest to athletes of Western colleges.

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—The following announcement, which may be of interest to some of our readers, appears in the *Critic*:

We shall be glad to have our readers send us lists of the best twelve short stories of American authorship. Only original stories in English prose will be considered. No story of more than fifteen thousand words should be included. The polls will close on March 30, and to the person sending the list which we regard as the best, we will give \$15 worth of books, at American publishers' prices.

Lists should be written on only one side of the sheet. And on the envelope should be written the words "Short Stories."

287 FOURTH AVE., New York. EDITORS OF *The Critic*.

Orpheus Club.—Court Minstrels.

They came, we saw, they conquered,—that is an epitome of the whole show. Few among the residents of Notre Dame, no one among the students, ever witnessed a real full-fledged minstrel show upon the local boards until the Orpheus Club of the present day conquered objection after objection, and finally daubed burnt cork and vaseline over their pale countenances. The result was astonishing,—that is as mild as it can be put. After weeks of hard practice and careful rehearsal, the outcome

was successful far beyond the most sanguine expectations.

All honor to the Orpheus Club, then, and all praise to Professor Preston for the excellence of the entertainment. Few know how difficult this minstrel show has been from the moment of its inception to the tableau at its close. To the audience it may seem an easy matter to assume the characters of negro minstrels. The general impression is that all you have to do is to blacken up, and—there you are. But experience has shown that far different is the case. It has been proved that no matter how apt the subject may be, no matter how appropriate his costume, there are a thousand and one little tricks to be mastered, a thousand and one little touches to be put on, before the result is even satisfactory. What, then, can bring forth perfection?

The bill of the play was quite as funny as the production thereof. The advertisements were well calculated to affect one's risibilities. But the play itself, what shall be said of it? Any description of it might be deemed extravagant by those who were not present, but those who witnessed it will bear us out in the statement that it was all that could reasonably be expected. Of course, there were flaws here and there—but where do defects not exist since nothing is perfect? The jokes were, as a rule, original and well told, and the songs won applause, not only for the sentiments they bore but for the manner in which they were sung.

Before the curtain went up you could hear the deep notes of the grand opening chorus, and in a moment gorgeous costumes and blackened faces struck the visual sense as a scene in fairyland. Darky hands flourished bones and tambos, and vermilion lips proclaimed their coming in the words of the "Darky Cavaliers." Jokes were freely interspersed between the songs which followed, and Mr. Kegler, as Interlocutor, was as solemn in the discharge of his duties as George Washington must have been in deliberating about the affairs of the young republic. And, by the way, Mr. Kegler looked very much like the pictures we see of the Father of his Country in the powdered wig and costume of a hundred years ago. Mr. Chassaing under the suggestive name of Steele A. Watermelon and Mr. Marmon under the innocent cognomen of F. Cutting Razorblade did clever things in the song and joke line, and brought down the house by the manner and direction of their local hits. Messrs. Girardi and J. H. Shillington in the comic song "All Coons

Look Alike to Me," took the audience by storm. Mr. McCarrick, surnamed Willie Getter, was almost equal to them in the ballad "In our College Yard Last Night." Master W. Massey, in a picturesque costume, sang with good expression "The Song That Reached My Heart." Mr. S. F. Dixon seemed a typical negro minstrel as Lee Perkins in "I'm the Hottest Coon in Town." The famous Black Patti, impersonated by Master Joseph Tuohy, appeared to advantage on various occasions during the show in a make-up that was splendid and becoming. Mr. Confer, as Count Chermony, sang a parody, made by himself, entitled "I Want You, My Pony." Mr. Schillo under the popular name of Pete Whitewash told a funny story in rime about the "Ha-Ha Family." Mr. A. R. Crawford in the sentimental ballad "Trusting Only You," and Mr. Bouwens in the song "Dear Old Notre Dame" came up to expectations. "Uncle Ephraim's Plantation Dance" done by Mr. Medley was a great success despite the fact that the floor was carpeted. Perhaps the best exhibition given during the first part of the programme was that by Messrs. Reilly and Confer as banjo artists. They played well and told really clever stories while doing so. The chorus at the end of the first part was sung to the music of El Capitan by all the members of the Club accompanied by the University Band.

The second part of the programme opened with the "Old Kentucky Home," sung by the Quartet, composed of Black Patti, Mr. Razorblade, Messrs. Steiner and Kegler. Mr. Cavanagh could then be heard galloping forward on his bicycle, and soon appeared before the audience in the dress he had worn the evening before at the Bradley-Martin ball. As Uncle Rastus he was excellent, but he did not remain long enough on the stage to satisfy his audience.

It is hard, since all the superlatives are used in relating the victories of the rest of the minstrels, to find words to describe the elegance, beauty and complexity of the drill. Nothing but the hardest practice could have produced such perfection. Their uniforms, which shone in the glare of the white light, were gold and blue—the college colors,—and when the celluloid screens changed the light to green and red the effect was dazzling. Nothing that has appeared on the local stage for many years could equal the drill in splendor. The exhibition was faultless. It was a grand finale to a very successful entertainment.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

Between the vagaries of Sorin Hall's inmates, who can be distinguished from a lot of old women only by the fact that they wear "pants" and exhale an odor of stale tobacco, and the large number of infants in arms who reside in Brownson Hall, the Carrolls seem to be about the representative men of the University.

* * *

It is a pity that a man can not be a refined rowdy, for there are many we know, whose natures will never allow them to be gentlemen, and a little polish might make rowdyism a degree less unbearable. But unfortunately the local type is of the kind that can be in the least affected by adverse criticism. They are not dangerous,—but simply disgusting.

* * *

An Epworth League meeting adopted resolutions disapproving of Mr. McKinley's inauguration ball, and concluded by saying: "We regard the ball as an insult to the better thought of the American people." The Kansas populists have no longer a monopoly on freak utterances.

* * *

The newspapers are in luck. In the Bradley-Martin ball, the Seeley dinner, specials concerning the inauguration and the Australian murderer, they have a gold mine which is being worked for all it is worth—mere news if no more. Now is the halcyon time of the reporter; the day of sweet rest and contentment when he may place his feet luxuriously upon his desk, and woo the Lady Nicotine without fear of summons from the city editor's room.

* * *

Mr. Daniel V. Casey, who served his apprenticeship on the SCHOLASTIC, had printed recently in the *Orphan's Bouquet* a well-written critique on the personality and work of Maurice Francis Egan. He mentioned among other things that Mr. Egan as a boy was fond of Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires." In Halifax, or some other ungodly place, is published a Catholic paper called the *Casket*, and Mr. David Creedon is one of its bright lights—if you can reconcile bright lights and such a name as the *Casket*. Mr. Creedon read Mr. Casey's paper, and saw therein the chance to make a hit with the gallery gods of Catholic literature,—otherwise old maids and conventional school marms. Be-

ing a man of action (or hard up for copy) he denounces Dumas' story as immoral, and Mr. Casey for telling people that a favorite author found attractiveness in its pages. The fool killer being on a vacation, the *Northwest Review*, whose clientèle must be of the same class mentally as the *Casket's*, comes along, pats Mr. Creedon on the back, strikes a calcium light attitude and cries "bravo!"

* * *

These things are not mentioned as a defense of Mr. Casey, for he is well able to take care of himself, and moreover, such utterances lay bare their own puerility, ignorance and nasty mindedness,—at least to those whose opinions are worth considering. But as a deplorable tendency to be found almost everywhere in the Catholic press, this type of thought forces itself upon our notice, and renders the field of Catholic literature a desert to be shunned by men and women who have good, red, human blood in them, and consider their art as worthy of a better audience than prejudice and stupidity. Mr. Creedon seems to have close affinity to that fortunately small class of people who would render a drawing-room table suggestive by draping its legs, and then call attention to the fact.

* * *

In the daily press, especially of New York City, has been found not infrequently work, which, although it may have been executed in that feverish midnight hour just before the great presses begin their work, has deserved the name of literature. Circumstances and technical environments are the only causes to prevent such occurrences being even more frequent; for no one doubts that a great part of the talent of any section is found in its newspaper ranks. And who are better fitted to tell us the great appealing human things that we are always ready to hear than the men and women who live in constant communion with that heart of the world. A case in point is a cable dispatch from Rome by James Creelman, of the *New York Journal*. He tells of the Requiem Mass celebrated by the Pope last Monday in memory of Pius IX. In a little less than a column he describes wonderfully the impressiveness of the ceremony in the Sistine Chapel, and makes a thrilling word-picture of the grand old Pontiff and of the great cosmopolitan assemblage which, as he says, had come from the uttermost corners of the earth to see the Pope perhaps for the last time.

SANS GENE.

Exchanges.

Critics will err. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." A short time ago we ventured to criticise a production which appeared in the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*. We found nothing good to say of it, but we were near-sighted. That production is really a work of art, so says the *Georgetown Journal*, and it must be so. We have made a mistake, a most lamentable mistake, and we humbly beg our readers to forgive us for the wrong we have done to them, if any of them happened to be influenced by our opinion,—stranger things than that have happened. To show how much we are humbled by our mistake we shall quote the opinion of a true critic—the opinion of the exchange editor of the *Georgetown Journal*. Of this poetic gem he says: "'We go Home Tomorrow' is a tender and impressive poem (you see he has found a name for it) in which exquisite harmony of versification is blended with a simple and forcible manner of expression."

As we may have been the cause of some of our readers missing the "exquisite harmony of versification" of the "poem," we think that it is but just to them that we should make a few extracts showing "the simple and forcible manner of expression." We quote some of the most rhythmical of the lines. If the reader will just imagine the "poem" as being recited by a little schoolgirl with a slight lisp, the effect will be much heightened:

"A little boy was kidnapped from his home and mother dear,
And carried off by robbers to a forest dark and drear;
He sat upon a broken stump beside a lamplight dim,
And thought of home and friends and mother weeping sore for him."

That passage about the lamplight dim is worthy of a Wordsworth in its simplicity. Just think of the dark forest and the little boy, who does not appear to be at all frightened, sitting beside the lamplight dim. We think that the poet is not quite definite enough here. We are in doubt as to whether the lamp was a parlor lamp, a banquet lamp, or a library lamp. We suppose that its being dim is intended to show that it was a parlor lamp, with a pink shade over it.

"The little one was weary, they had ridden far that day,
And many a mile from lovely home, that home so far away,

His captors sat by embers near dividing up their gold,
But no one thought of the captive child who sat alone and cold:

The captive longed for the genial rays but feared to draw too nigh,

He knew the men would tease him sore, they shall not
 see him cry,
 A little more than babe he was, scarce passed the age of
 seven,
 In wisdom he passed his years, he trusted all to
 heaven,"

The picture of the little child longing for the genial rays is very pathetic. How could we have ever said those mean things about this work of art? We do not want to take any credit from the "poet," so we announce that the punctuation is all his own. It may be slightly erratic, but what can you expect from a man when his imagination is at a white heat?

The little boy kneels down and prays, and his praying touches the hearts of the bold, bad, naughty robbers, and they all kneel down and pray with the little fellow. This scene is very affecting, so affecting that we scarcely see anything improbable in it. The poem ends in this burst of "tender and impressive harmony of versification":

"The captain's hand lay lightly on the wee lad's sunny
 hair,
 For heaven seems not far away with hand upon your
 head,
 And oh, dear Lord above, I promise never more to roam
 If you will give me back again my mother and my home.
 And kissing then the childish face so sad with recent
 sorrow,
 He whispered to the little lad, 'We'll all go home to-
 morrow.'"

We are a trifle disappointed at the sudden ending of the "poem." We would like to know for how many years the robbers were sentenced after they got home. We wonder if that boy died young. He was altogether too ethereal for this wicked world. The "poet" also forgot to tell us why the robbers made a captive of the boy, and what their nationality was. They are a trifle different from the robbers of the West, if newspaper reports can be relied upon. But these are but trifles, and the ex-man of the *Journal* was right in overlooking them. But we do not think that the criticism of the ex-man was complete. He should have told us in what rank to place J. F., the author of the "poem." He is clearly an epic poet, but we do not know whether to class him with Homer, Dante and Milton, or whether to rank him with Tennyson and Tasso. His style is somewhat similar to that of Rankwriter of Santa Claus soap fame, but we do not think that Rankwriter has the "exquisite simplicity" of J. F. The ex-man of the *Journal* has proven that he is possessed of a delicate taste, and now all that he has to do to make his name famous as a critic is to place J. F. in his right place among the great poets.

Personals.

—Mr. Andrew W. Sullivan, of Chicago, was the welcome guest of his brother Joseph during the week.

—Messrs. Herbert Day and William Clark, of Hobart, Indiana, were visitors at the University last week.

—Miss Blanche Garrity, of Chicago, spent the early part of last week visiting her brothers of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls.

—Mr. Fadelley, Mr. Williams and Miss Ellison, of Anderson, Ind., visited friends and relatives at the University during the week.

—Mr. Beardslee, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, spent Sunday with his sons, Louis and George, of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls. His visit was much enjoyed by his sons and many friends among the members of the Faculty.

—Mrs. Henry Hake, of Grand Rapids, paid a short visit to her brothers, Louis and Edward Hake, and to other friends at Notre Dame early in the week. Her visit was short, but we trust that it may soon be repeated, and that it may be a longer one next time.

—Stockdale Mitchell (C. E. '94) is managing a large stock farm in Texas at present. He writes that the cattle ranches of Texas are gradually being turned into cultivated farms, and that the soil is the best in the world for farming, but that the climate is not favorable. However, the climate is slowly changing; so Mr. Mitchell expects to have great success, and we trust that his hopes may not be disappointed.

—An invitation recently received announces that Anton R. Zeller (student '92) is about to forsake the ranks of the bachelors and put himself under the rule of Hymen, the powerful. On the 17th of this month he is to wed Miss Helen Sharkey, of Portland, Oregon. Our knowledge of the groom assures us that wishes extended to the bride for a happy future will be fully realized. Mr. Zeller was a model student, and we are sure that he will be a model husband. The SCHOLASTIC extends to the happy young couple its best wishes for a long and happy married life.

—Clarence T. Hagerty (B. S. '90) is at present occupying the chair of Mathematics in the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Although so intimately connected with another educational establishment, he still takes great interest in the happenings at his *Alma Mater*, which is attested by the fact that he is a constant subscriber to the SCHOLASTIC. Professor Hagerty's natural aptitude for mathematics, coupled with the earnestness and diligence which he displayed in all his undertakings at Notre Dame, predict that he will mount still higher in the educational world. We wish him success in his chosen life-work, and we are sure that our wishes will not be vain.

Local Items.

—The classes in English Literature will soon take up the study of oratory.

—Lost.—A razor. Finder, please return to John Meyers, Brownson Hall.

—"Foul on you," said Captain Daly excitedly, as Shilly spilled a plate of chicken in his lap.

—Mr. T. V. Watterson has designed a very neat monogram for the jerseys of the Carroll Hall basket-ball team.

—It is said that the professors of the several English classes are receiving a great many "snake-stories" these days.

—A party of Carroll's took a sleigh-ride last Thursday through the kindness of Bro. Albeus. All the boys return thanks.

—Brownson and Carroll Halls will play basket-ball tomorrow. It will be a great game, and it is more than probable that Brownson will win.

—Reuss looked up at the bare weeping willow in St. Edward's Park and said, "That reminds me of Gilmartin's moustache; it's so mournful."

—The officers of the Temperance Society listened last Sunday to an eloquent sermon on "Temperance," delivered by the Reverend Father Cavanaugh in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend.

—The Treasurer of the Athletic Association has received the following donations from old students since the last acknowledgment: Rev. Father McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa, \$10; T. E. Steele, Columbus, Ohio, \$5.

—A SYLLOGISM.—*Major*: The Band promised a concert for the benefit of the Athletic Association. *Minor*: The Band gave a concert, but not for the benefit of the Athletic Association. *Conclusion*: The Athletic Association is still in debt.

—"Gee whiz," piped out Bill Crowley, as the boys donned their duck trousers for the minstrel production, "do you fellers about here wear them muslin businesses? But (examining them closer) durned if they ain't nuthin' but uncolored jeans after all."

—For the past week the Carrolls have flocked to enjoy the skating on St. Mary's Lake. Some of the things cut are wonderful. Herron is an expert at cutting stars; Moore cuts lots of ice; Scherrer cuts his skate straps, and Cornell cuts quite a figure.

—A precedent was established in the last game of basket-ball which will form a cardinal principle for all future games. Three of the members of the Brownson Hall team were ruled out of the game for unnecessary roughness. We spoke repeatedly of the roughness of the members of this team, but, of course, we were biased.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening. Mr. Dinnen gave an enjoyable declamation. Mr. Fennessey read an essay, "A boat-race on the Charles." A debate on the subject, "That a good dog is better than a good gun as a means of defence," followed. The reasons given by Messrs. J. J. Murray, Morrissey and J. G. Taylor were considered more weighty than those of Messrs. Funke, Foley and T. Murray.

—The Slayton Concert Company will give a concert in Washington Hall this afternoon at four o'clock. The programme, which, unfortunately, is subject to change, is varied and interesting. If the Slayton Concert Company find it necessary to alter their regular programme we hope they will not do as the last "troop" which we took to our bosom, drop from the "Ave Maria" of Cavaleria-Rusticagni to "One I Love" of Rusty Cañ y Leary.

—The competitions are announced for February 23 and 24. And now is the time to begin preparations. If the first of these bi-monthly examinations is to be taken by assault, we shall need all the time we can get to furbish our rusty brains. What with holidays and minstrel shows, our good minds have suffered to distraction; and the only way to cure them effectually is to apply the strong balsam of hard study. The exams threaten to be hard.

—The man who said there was no "spirit" in the yell of the T. S. must have been a very ignorant man.

The T. S. for a sleigh-ride went
To while the hours in smoke and song,
But as they were on pleasure bent,
Their trusty skates they took along.

Said they: "We'll skate at any price,"
And hunting, soon a place did find,
But some one had to "break the ice:"
In future skates they'll leave behind.

—Father Alexander Kirsch has kindly consented to give an exhibit of stereopticon views in Washington Hall next Thursday afternoon. The views include pictures of celebrated scenes at home and abroad. Not the least interesting will be views of local haunts and the fondly-cherished stile. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be devoted to the Athletic Association, which is trying hard to pay off a debt of three hundred and fifty dollars contracted during the football season.

—Through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, the members of the Orpheus Club wish to extend their sincere thanks to Professors Green and Ackermann, whose hearty interest and co-operation contributed so much to the success of the minstrel performance. They also wish to thank Messrs. Stace, Power and Murphy who acted as ushers; Messrs. Rosenthal, Bennett, and Mullen who assisted in the selling of tickets, and, in fine, all who in any way contributed to the success of the production; the audience especially for sitting out the performance.

—If the candidates for the baseball team do as good work on the diamond as they are doing at the indoor practice, Notre Dame will have a winning team this year. A new candidate for centre-field, Sockalexis, came out for the first time on Thursday last. His batting, fielding and throwing were remarkable. The new dressing-rooms fill a long-felt want. They contain about twenty lockers, a room for dressing and a number of shower-baths. When the sky-light is finished on the roof of the gym we will have facilities for indoor practice second to none in this section.

—The members of Brownson and Sorin Halls assembled in the Brownson reading-room last night to commemorate, in an informal manner, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. F. J. F. Confer acted as master of ceremonies. The exercises opened with a piano overture by Frank Dukette. Mr. Confer spoke briefly of Lincoln's early life, and then introduced Charles M. Niezer, who gave reasons for the assembling in an enthusiastic speech, "Why we Celebrate." Frank O'Shaughnessy followed with "Lincoln, the Ideal Citizen," an eloquent tribute to the sterling worth of the Illinois rail-splitter. "The Home of Lincoln" was the subject of the next discourse, and was treated by James B. Quinn in a picturesque manner. Then came Charles M. B. Bryan who spoke on "Lincoln, the Savior of his Country." Mr. Bryan's eulogy of the martyred President was one of more than passing interest, the speaker being the nephew of Captain Semmes, of the famous Confederate war ship *Alabama*. The programme was completed by singing the national anthem "America" and the college song "Alma Mater."

—The following is an extract from a Brownsonite's diary: "Monday, Feb. 8, '97.—Arose (with the assistance of the prefect) at 6.25¼ a. m.—Weather little cold.—Icicles hanging on steam pipes.—Felt like having a little extra snooze on the side—or, rather, on the bed, so threw my head upon the pillow. Arose suddenly, not because I wanted to, but for good and sufficient reasons of my own. While dressing, some effervescent youth yelled "fire!" A shivering mortal, whose chattering teeth sounded like Schulte's bicycle coming down the road, called the aforementioned gentleman another, which was just and right. On leaving dormitory, accidentally moved against door and got an eye-opener—albeit a temperance man am I. Passed on to a place of great activity,—the wash-room. Some were washing; others blackening shoes; others "studying their parts" in the mirror; others borrowing toilet articles, and others returning what they borrowed. Morning meal over, decided to "skive" classes. Sorry I decided—am still writing lines. The rest of the day passed off without incident. Retired 9.26½ p. m. After kicking the bucket (please do not misconstrue foregoing) walked

to my bed (riding prohibited), and after untying 17 double-breasted knots, jumped into bed just as the light went down. Thus endeth a day."

—For the past few meetings of the Law Debating Society, the question of the negro's right to suffrage has been discussed with a vim that is unusual in many debates. For the affirmative, Mr. Schermerhorn's speech served merely as an introduction to Mr. Magruder's work. Messrs. Corr and Wurzer for the negative had good arguments. Mr. Corr looked at the subject from an educational point of view. He pointed to the fact that it is too early to expect much improvement from the negroes, and that were they deprived of suffrage their children would certainly suffer in regard to education. Mr. Wurzer made a remarkable speech that showed most careful work. Logical to an extraordinary degree, his arguments were irresistible as proved by the fact that the affirmative could not refute them, but confined itself to statements of new matter. Mr. Magruder, for the affirmative, deserves great praise for his excellent work. Taking advantage of time allowance he spoke for one hour and a half from a phrenological standpoint. Although he scuttled his main argument by declaring that, while the negro was utterly incapable of becoming intellectually better, the Kentucky negro had many stones in the Temple of Civilization; still the chairman awarded the debate to the affirmative on the "merits" of the work. The affirmative on being challenged by the negative for another debate on the same question refused.

—The chief of the "Local's" Staff and his invaluable assistants desire to congratulate their fellow editors of *Puck*, *Judge*, *Truth*, *Life* and a few other serious-minded and theological journals for their humorous discernment, clearly shown in their wish to print entire several of our lamentable witty schisms. They also extend the hand—no, no, they offer the arm of—well, support and sympathy, to the fair editors of the *St. Mary's Chimes*, who demonstrated their fairness by an impartial eulogy on our jokelets, many of which have lain so long among the things of a dead and buried past that the last volley of honor over their remains had a new sound; and the bereaved family of the "Locals" further desire to thank these same dear editors for their kind sympathy in offering condolence on the re-burial (for another year) of those weak children of some one else's funny-brain-lobe. They are also endeavoring to include in a general pardon all who took part in the minstrel show last Thursday, auditors and audited alike, who haven't yet dissected the ossified remains hurled at them for two hours. They likewise include in this general amnesty, the poor benighted minstrel individual who treated their suggestion with scorn, when they generously offered him several back numbers of the

SCHOLASTIC to be read for the edification and intense delight of the audience. And last, but not least, they desire to offer their heartfelt gratitude to those members of the Faculty who put aside their ologies and isms in an earnest endeavor to discover the humor of it all, and they wish to assure these kind gentlemen that they will willingly offer them valuable assistance in delving for funniness if these gentlemen will agree to suspend classes for three weeks. Until such a stagnation occurs, the public may look forward to bright and original wit, and in this way the editors of these columns may pave the way for another minstrel show, since much of the credit of the last performance is theirs.

—Brownson Hall basket-ball team met Sorin Hall on Sunday last for the third time, and for the third time Brownson was victorious. It looked as if Sorin Hall would win during the first half of the game. They had better teamwork than their opponents, and were more accurate in their goal throwing; but the Brownson men settled down to their old form about the middle of the game, and from that on there was no doubt about the result. The game was the roughest of any played this season. A total of twenty-six fouls is disgraceful. If it were earlier in the season a great deal of the fouling might be excusable because of ignorance of the rules, but at this late day it is unpardonable. The Brownson guard who was ruled off the floor especially deserves censure. A man who will foul repeatedly, and boasts of it on the side-lines, should not be allowed to don a uniform. The attendance was the poorest of the season. It would be a good thing for athletics at Notre Dame if the students would read carefully the last paragraph of the "Various Things" column in the SCHOLASTIC of last week. Let each student pin it in his hat whether he lives in Sorin Hall or not. It applies to Brownson and Carroll Halls also. Several members of the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend witnessed the game.

BROWNSON HALL.

	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Donovan	1	0	2
Fox	2	0	0
Flemming	0	0	4
M. O'Shaughnessy	0	0	4
Shillington	2	1	3
Martin (sub.)	0	2	2
Williams (sub.)	0	0	2
Total	5	3	17

Total number of points scored, 13.

SORIN HALL.

	G's from Field	G's from Fouls	Fouls
Geoghegan	0	0	3
Atherton	2	0	3
Kegler	0	3	0
Marmion	0	0	1
Medley	0	0	2
Total	2	3	9

Total number of points scored, 7. Referee, Hering; Umpire, D. P. Murphy.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Bennett, Bryan, Byrne, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, Palmer, Puskamp, Reardon, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Sheehan, Sanders, Spalding, Steiner.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Bennett, Bommersbach, Crawford, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Conway, Collins, A. Casey, Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dukette, Duffy, J. Daly, Donovan, Dooley, Desmond, Dixon, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fox, Foster, Follen, C. Flannigan, Foulks, Fehr, Franey, M. Flannigan, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, Hoban, Hayes, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Haley, J. Hesse, Hurst, Johnson, Jelonak, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Lutz, Lieb, Meagher, Mullen, Mulcrone, Monahan, H. Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, G. McCarrick, McCormack, McGinnis, McMillan, McConn, A. McDonald, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Pim, Quandt, Rowan, Rahe, Speake, Smoger, Summers, Schermerhorn, San Roman, Shillington, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Schubert, Sockalexis, Thiele, Thams, Tomlinson, Taylor, Werner, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, L. Wiczorek, Williams, H. Wimberg, Wynne, E. Wade, E. Zaehle, O. Zaehle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, M. Condon, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Ernst, Foley, L. Fish, Funk, Fleming, Friedman, Gimbel, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Kilgallen, Klein, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, G. McNamara, McNichols, McManus, McDonald, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Nast, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, Shiels, Shillington, Slevin, Sullivan, Stengel, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, J. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Wilson, Weadock.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abrahams, Abercrombie, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Coquillard, Craig, Cotter, Cowie,* Dougherty, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessauer, Edgerton, Ebbert, Eryina, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Hearne, Hinsey, Jonquet, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Leisander, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillip, A. Phillips, Paul, G. Quertinmont, E. Quertinmont, Robbins, Ryan, Rees, Redpath, Steele, Strauss, Spillard, Seymour, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Tillotson, L. Van Sant, R. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, Wilde, Welch, F. Weidmann, G. Wiedman, Weber, Wigg, Veneziani.

* Omitted by mistake last week.